

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“*Η μὲν ἀρμονία δόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἔστιν.*”

PLAT. Phædo, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THERE be a kind of people who, as we are told, can gather sermons from stones—can talk of music with a rumbling stream, and of painting with the lilies of the field—can become moralists in the most ordinary avocations of life, and philosophers on a smaller stock in trade than had Diogenes in his tub. Such people—dull as may seem their propensities, tame their embraces of genius, and icy the discriminative analysis by which they seek to separate the errors from the beauties of enthusiasm—have, nevertheless, their uses;—even a devotee to the mustiest of glees or the most abstract of canons *may* stumble on a criticism serviceable to music, and a greater admission in favour of unimaginativeness, we think, could not be made. To these rambling assertions we have only to add that nothing but absolute experience will convince men of the truth of propositions repugnant to their principles of self-esteem, and then quit the announcement of our string of doctrines and come at once to their application. For once, then, we lay aside our artistical affections and declare ourselves the sermonizers at whom we have pointed, and the subject of our lecture is the correspondence we have wilfully provoked concerning a National Opera. We have delayed noticing this voluminous correspondence until now, with the certainty that when it had reached its climax we should have the assistance of most pointed illustrations to back the advice we might think necessary to offer our musical friends on their mode of conducting this important discussion;—in fact we have laid a trap for the good and ill-judgment of our correspondents—we have given full swing to their expressions of opinion, and now offer them a summary of the result. At the commencement of our articles on this subject we applied the goad to a sore place. We charged our native artists with being, themselves, grievously to blame for the small reputation which, as a class, they

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enjoyed in their own land. We affirmed that their want of mutual respect, pride of *caste*, artistical fraternity, or whatever else may be deemed an equivalent for the significant Gallicism, "*esprit du corps*," formed one important branch of the evil, and we recommended a species of socializing as its probable remedy. From the very small response received by our suggestion of a musical *conversazione*, we infer that our correspondents disbelieved our statements as to the disunity of artists, and consequently thought our hints for its reformation unnecessary. As the best defence of our position, we refer our readers to the letters on the National Opera which have lately occupied so many pages of this journal. We ask any unprejudiced person, do not these letters fairly establish the truth of our charge? We ask, moreover, are not these letters—supposing them to have been written by artists—anything but creditable to their feelings *as artists*? Do they not display that envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—that restless jealousy—in fact, that very lack of *esprit du corps* which we have laid to their charge? So plainly is the *man* betrayed by his *sensitiveness*, that, in the majority of instances, the glaze of secrecy *supposed* by the anonymous mode of writing is much too thin to conceal the writers, either as to their motives or identities. The whole business, in fact, develops the existence of an extensive selfishness which is flatly opposed to all liberal and beneficial views of art, and, in itself, sufficient to impede, and finally to arrest, any movement that may be attempted in the direction of improvement. Should one of our correspondents, in a fit of national zeal, make the very justifiable assertion that (except two, or at most, three men) the talent of the *reputed* composers of Germany is beneath that of the same number of Englishmen, he is sure to be bestrode by some literary incubus who, for sheer contradiction's sake, wilfully and knowingly belies the genius of his countrymen, and degrades them by unfavourable comparison with a nest of Germans who, if their merits be accurately and *critically* tested, will be found recommended by little save unpronounceable names and, perhaps, a trifle of that anomalous commodity, Philharmonic patronage. Should one of our "National Opera" disputants chance to select a favourite English composer of his own for especial praise, up rises some angry dragon *per contra*, strips the laurels from the brow of his antagonist's hero, bespatters him with small sneers, and pecks at him with all manner of critical nibblings—clearly showing, meanwhile, that he (disputant No. 2) is, or fancies himself, a composer, and, moreover, wonderfully indignant that disputant No. 1 had not the good taste to prefer *him* before all his brethren! We ask our readers is, or is not, this the just interpretation of *nearly* all the argumentative fuss, the parade of artistical criticism, and the mystery of anonymous signatures, which have appeared in our pages on the subject of a National Opera?

Of all the sufferers from this kind of anonymous pelting, our correspondent "Indicator" has been the greatest;—fortunately for him, he is well able to take care of himself, for he has veritably fallen into the hands of the Philistines. The view taken in his first letter is substantially correct—much mischief *has* assuredly accrued to our young artists from a diffidence of thinking and speaking critically of the *reputed* composers of other countries; and had this idea been

steadily worked out, an important lesson would doubtless have been inculcated. Unfortunately, however, the exordium of our correspondent was too long, and he was interrupted by certain fiery argumentalists and very unwisely drawn into *personal* discussion, before he had time to vouchsafe the application of his principles. To all this, Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, appended a long letter which, consisting one-half of strictures on "Indicator," and the remainder of needless refutations of that silliest of all opiners, "A Lover of Music," threw no light on the prime object of the discussion. From this point, onwards, the pages of the "Musical World" became a scene of the direst warfare; our correspondents forgot even the cause of all the tumult in their extreme anxiety to abuse one another, and, in utter contempt of the fact that we invited, *not* a dispute about the supremacy of *individual* genius, but a struggle for *national* credit, the names of Barnett, Bennett, Macfarren, Lucas, Mudie, &c. were tossed about with the most helter-skelter disregard of their pretensions and feelings. If from among all this mass of childish petulance and illogical withdrawal of argument from its intended and only useful course, we were to select any specimens of the foulest ill-nature, false taste, and jealousy, our choice would fall on the letter signed "Spectator," in which the writer scoffs and scorns at one or two of the most eminent musicians in this country—simply, as it appears to us, because they have received a just tribute of admiration from "Indicator;" and on that notable specimen of ignorance and conceit signed "Aristides," (an amateur, of course) in which Messrs. Cooke and Barnett are both placed in very undeserved positions, and the *Mountain Sylph* of the latter, instead of being attacked on its really vulnerable points, is charged with defect of those qualities which it undeniably possesses in the greatest perfection. On the other hand, also, of all our regular correspondents, we can think of but one who has steadily adhered to the text we at first announced, and that is our old but anonymous friend "Patria."

Our correspondents doubtless think that, in thus taking on us publicly to lecture them, we subject them to most scurvy usage. Doubtless they will complain that we, by first inviting their assistance and then rating them on the score of ill-manners, have brought ourselves to be a very scandal and reproach to the fraternity of editors;—we are sorry for it, but shall offer no other apology for our censures than is contained in a reference to the letters themselves. Can any of our correspondents, now that they have had time to take breath and recover temper, read over that mass of literary brawling which has so lately occupied our pages, without a conviction that they ought to be ashamed of themselves? Is not the whole affair disgraceful to a set of artists who, having undertaken to escort a neglected cause along the slippery and dangerous path of improvement, cast their duty to the winds, and suffer their convoy to fall over a precipice, while they stand quarrelling about their individual shares of glory? Would such an egregious lapse of reason have occurred in any other country of Europe? Do not the musicians of France and Germany, when the interest and honour of their class are assailed, stand forth in their defence AS A BODY? Does not the foreign artist, in his own land, pride himself as much on the school of art to which he

belongs as on his individual achievements? and does he not resent a slight offered to any one man of his school and country, as an offence against the whole, and, consequently, himself? Up to this point, our correspondents cannot complain of any restrictions of ours on their contemplated latitude of speech;—in vulgar phrase, we have purposely “given them rope enough,”—and what is the result? We invited our young artists, who felt their degradation *as a class*, to discuss the mode of founding a NATIONAL OPERA—the invitation was accepted—and, in its product, we find, on referring to our pages of the last three months, that our correspondents, after coming to a general agreement to desert *in toto* the proposed theme of argument in favour of personalities, jealousies, and absurdities of all kinds, have left the field pretty much in the fashion of curs after a drawn battle—with tails pendant and scowling countenances, mayhap, but, nevertheless, with a sapient resolution to pocket all their scratches, bites, and mutilations, and retire from the contest as decently as might be. So much for discussion by letter! Well might Mr. Barnett express his fears that, if so much virulence were displayed in writing, the first of our proposed meetings of artists would be turned into a Fives' Court!

This manner of discussion—abstractedly vile though it be—has at least served one good purpose. It has proved beyond all dispute that, however much of musical genius this country may possess, our artists—we speak generally—have neither unity of purpose, brotherly affection, nor that lofty devotion to art which would induce them to sacrifice personal jealousies to its general advancement. It has substantiated our charge against them, and we now, with double confidence, repeat that their lack of *esprit du corps* is their chief stumbling-block. As a remedy for this, we have repeatedly suggested the establishment of a musical *conversazione*. Such an institution is, we have reason to know, in process of private consideration, and when its preliminaries are definitively settled we will report progress to our readers. In the mean time we wish to afford one more public opportunity to those young artists whose range of acquaintanceship does not chance to extend within the circle to which we allude; and if any such, feeling desirous to forward the establishment of a *generally* friendly intercourse among native artists, will write to us, and enclose their names and addresses, we will undertake to make their wishes known in the proper quarter.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. IV.

PAULINE GARCIA.

FERDINANDA LAURENCE PAULINE GARCIA was born at Paris on the 18th July, 1821, and is the daughter of Emmanuel Garcia and of Jacquina Sitcher his wife. Christened on the 29th of August of the same year, in the parochial church of St. Roch, she had the celebrated composer Paer for her godfather, and the Princess Prascovic de Galitzin (born Countess de Schouvalon) for her godmother. When only three years old Pauline Garcia left Paris with her family, who, after a stay of two years in London, proceeded to New York, and thence to Mexico. Civil war having, in that unfortunate country, closely followed upon its declaration of independence, and all the parties dividing, it having, as it were, organized, in violence of international law, a system of extortion and robbery against foreigners, Emmanuel Garcia was compelled to remove from the theatre

of so much outrage and devastation. He departed from Mexico in 1829, with his young family and the operatic company of which he was the director. But, on his way across the mountains which separate that city from the sea, the escort itself, which had been given him for his protection, completely stripped him of his property, and left him and his wife, children, and comrades without any resources, and almost naked, in the passes where the crime had been perpetrated. Emmanuel Garcia lost in this dreadful occurrence, every circumstance of which has remained engraven in his daughter's memory, above 24,000*l.*, the hard-earned produce of his travels and exertions. He succeeded, however, in embarking, and his musical passion, paternal love, and the solicitude excited by the education of his children soon consoled him for this heavy calamity.

Pauline Garcia had received at Mexico lessons on the piano from Marcos Vega, the cathedral organist; but the unavoidable interruption that followed them soon made the child forget what she had learned. It was during their passage that her father made her commence her first studies in singing, upon pieces of music *en canon*, composed expressly for her to words belonging to all languages. We have seen those curious documents—a real musical polygot vocabulary, which, at the same time that it accustomed the child's ear and voice to that *ensemble* execution that now constitutes one of the brightest features of her talent, familiarised her early with various idioms. At the age of six years, Pauline already spoke French, Spanish, Italian, and English with equal facility. She has since learnt German, which she speaks with at least as much ease.

This early instruction given by Emmanuel Garcia to his children has been the pretext and occasion of a calumny propagated by the wanton ill-will of some, and the spiteful jealousy of others, against the father of Maria and Pauline. It has been alleged that he forced, against nature, their physical and moral development, and the effects of his intelligent perseverance have been denounced to public indignation as the results of a tyranny of every day and every hour, and of a barbarous violence exercised with the obstinacy of a maniac. This is an abominable falsehood, against which we protest in the name of her who is now but a glorious and melancholy *souvenir*, and in the name of her sister, who preserves with religious veneration the slightest memorial of the affectionate solicitude with which the great *artiste* surrounded her first years.

Scarcely had she arrived at Paris, in 1829, when young Pauline was entrusted to M. Meysenberg, an able professor, whom an obscure death has since struck, and who gave his pupil excellent rudiments of the piano. Under his guidance Pauline made rapid progress, and acquired both art and science. Indulging her decided taste for that instrument, she devoted three years exclusively to fingering exercises, and after accomplishing that long and arduous task, which would frighten the most tenacious resolution of many a male beginner, she deciphered, as her *coup d'essai*, Hummel's septuor. It is well known in the musical world that Pauline has become a first-rate pianist, and that Liszt, with whom she has executed Bach's most difficult and complicated compositions, wanted her to be and to remain a pianist. Pauline, whom the fatigue consequent upon her studies, and the danger with which they threatened her health, have determined to give up the piano, now attends to it only that she may not let her fingers stiffen in accompaniment.

It was scarcely more than three years ago that Pauline Garcia began seriously to study vocal music. She had previously only perused and made out all the known and unknown scores. Nevertheless her youthful intelligence in running thus prematurely through the innumerable productions of dramatic composers had had the good fortune and merit of understanding Schubert's melodies, all which she copied with her own hand, at an age when that patient task would be the result only of solitary and spontaneous enthusiasm.

The time having come for imparting to her vocal studies a substantial and durable direction, Pauline Garcia imposed on herself arduous exercises of vocalisation, with a view to equalizing and improving her organ. After going through those composed by her father for Malibran, she wrote some for herself, thus turning to account the principles of composition and harmony which she had derived from Reicha. It is, therefore, erroneous that the young cantatrice has been

represented as having formed herself with the help of the violin. Never did she attempt to vie with that instrument; for the service she has rendered her brother-in-law (Beriot) by writing the accompaniments to his celebrated studies has nothing to do with her personal labours.

It was at Brussels, in the privacy of her family and under the eyes of a mother whose enlightened advices are, as it were, entitled to the whole honour of this fine musical education, that Pauline Garcia finished her studies; it was at Brussels, in some drawing-rooms opened to artists, that she accustomed herself to sing in public, thus preluding by *petit comite* success to her impending great dramatic triumphs. It was at Brussels, lastly, that on the 13th of December, 1837, she sang for the first time at a concert for the poor. On that occasion the Philanthropic Society had two medals struck in honour of Pauline and of Beriot, who co-operated in her charitable exertions. This tribute to a good action and a bright triumph is the first gem of the crown that now shines on the young singer's brow.

After some other successful performances Pauline Garcia proceeded to Germany with her mother and Beriot. Everywhere on their passage the inhabitants flocked round the travelling artists to hear and applaud them. At Berlin and Dresden they elicited the admiration of royalty, and Pauline was presented with a rich emerald *parure* by the Queen of Saxony. At Frankfort she sang with the Countess de Rossi (Mdlle. Sontag), who was about to proceed to the St. Petersburgh embassy; and the great lady, so early wrested from the stage by a society of which she is now one of the ornaments, felt happy to be reminded of the days when, animated with a sisterly emulation, Malibran and Sontag bent under the wreaths which the enthusiastic public of the Italian Opera showered over their heads.

Pauline Garcia and her mother left Germany in the summer of 1838, and, after a short stay at Brussels, returned to Paris, whither Beriot had already arrived. Long will be remembered the magnificent concert given by the two *artistes* at the Renaissance Theatre on the 15th December. The second concert in which Mdlle. Garcia sung was the one given by *La France Musicale*, in which Lablache, Rubini, and Ivanoff co-operated. Her bright performance on this occasion consecrated the rising fame of the great musician, by revealing her admirable precision, the firmness, boldness, and power of a voice as skilful in *morceaux d'ensemble* as in the solos of the most difficult compositions of the German school. The Paris drawing-rooms then took possession of so young and yet so finished a talent, and we were transiently reminded of the bright days of Maria Malibran.

Pauline was enjoying her first success in a world which her sister had delighted, when she was offered an engagement by the Italian Theatre of London. She accepted it. Her *début* there took place on the 9th of May, 1839, in *Otello*, the sublime creation of Shakspeare and Rossini, to which she contrived to give a new musical reading, despite of the formidable traditions of Pasta and Malibran. She next appeared in *La Cenerentola*, wherein we have since seen her display so much gracefulness and simplicity. The English musical world long re-echoed the young cantatrice's triumphs. She was sought for in all the aristocratic circles, and even at court, having had the honour of singing in private with Queen Victoria, of whose royal regard she directly received the most flattering proofs.

M. Viardot, then director of the Italian Opera of Paris, having proceeded to London, engaged Pauline Garcia for the season which was to commence on the 1st of October. She had already received proposals from our Academie Royale de Musique; but the fear lest she should not be able to bear, alone, the weight of an immense *repertoire*, determined her to adjourn an object of ambition which she has not renounced—at least we hope so.

Great was the impatience of the Parisian public to hear and behold the young cantatrice, for it has not always sanctioned the applause by which its favour is to be obtained. All the boxes were hired a month beforehand for three performances.

Pauline's *début* took place on the 8th of October, and will be remembered as the brightest triumph obtained on our lyric stage since the unfortunate Maria Malibran. The *débutante* appeared in that same part of *Desdemona* which she

had, as it were, just created in London after studying it, not after the *artistes* who had played it before her, but in the tragedy of Shakspere himself, of whose language she has an admirable knowledge. A great tragedian, and a great cantatrice, she exceeded the bright expectations which had been manifested at her *entrée en scène*. The audience were above all struck with the wonderful extent of her voice. Her conscientious correctness in the selection of her costumes was also remarked. We know that she suffers nobody to regulate them for her, and that she herself copies them from the models existing in the Royal Library.

After *La Cenerentola*, which Mme. Mombelli and Mdlle. Sontag never sung with more *esprit* animation, and felicity, the third *début* performance of Pauline Garcia was in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. We are bound to say that this attempt did not at first answer the expectations of the young cantatrice's admirers, and that *Rosina*, notwithstanding her dazzling vocalisation, perhaps even owing to it, proved not the *Rosina* that we had anticipated. And yet, as *Desdemona* and *Cinderella*, *Rosina* enraptured the public! But we shall not dissemble it: the frantic applause which rendered the first representation of *Il Barbiere* a triumph to Pauline, was much more a tribute to the great musician who was skilful enough to conceal beneath the splendour of her *extempore* melody the accidental-disturbance of her memory, than a homage to the interpreter of the composer's thoughts. Fortunately, on her second performance, Pauline took a glorious *revanche*, and the part of *Rosina* has ever been played and sung by her with admirable perfection.

In the same season she played also the part of *Tancrede*, and therein proved herself again an intelligent actress and a great cantatrice.

We have just faithfully recorded the triumphs which, in one year only, have raised so high the name of Pauline Garcia. They, no doubt hold out more than promises, for the English and French capitals have given her more than encouragement; but let not the young and interesting *artiste* forget the solemn engagements and duties which her glorious fortunes impose on her! She combines in the highest degree dramatic and musical intelligence, a privileged organisation, all the gifts, all the advantages, all the faculties that make the great tragedian and great cantatrice. With so wonderful an *ensemble* of resources and powers, and at an age when the life of the heart, of the imagination and mind, is as yet but hope, to stop would be to decline!

Pauline Garcia has a countenance of a noble and expressive severity. Her deportment is solemn and grave, without stiffness; her manners have both *abandon* and majesty. Like her sister, Maria Malibran, her eye is fiery and lively, her gestures always true and natural. Her shape is *svelte*, her hair of a brilliant black; she has a Spanish complexion. In short, her eyes, head, and heart, are those of an *artiste*.

Her voice, which combines the vigorous sounds of the finest contralto with those of the most acute soprano, presents striking analogies with that of Mme. Manuel Garcia, her sister-in-law, whose recent *débâts* at the Opera Comique have been so conspicuous. One easily recognizes that both have been formed in the powerful school of the Garcias, which alone can yield such prodigies. The voice of Pauline, always full, equal and just, vibrates with *eclat*, especially in the medium and in the lower chords. It adapts itself with admirable facility to all feelings—to grief, joy, and despair—and the dramatic colouring which it imparts to the slightest shades of feeling and passion is a real phenomenon of vocalisation which cannot be analysed.

Gifted with equal liberality by nature, art, and her own science, Pauline Garcia carries in herself the sanction of her right, both of conquest and birth, to her high destinies. At one leap, if we may be allowed to use the expression, she has secured to herself the first place among the illustrious talents who are the glory and pride of the Italian stage. With an intelligence superior in every respect, with a rich and powerful imagination both as an *artiste* and a composer, Pauline Garcia is not yet all that she can be; and we are convinced that some great achievement will crown so glorious an elevation.—*M. M. Escudier.*

THE CHANT.

The chant may be denominated the simplest form of musical expression. It has neither the complex involutions of the anthem, nor the ever-changing harmonies of the chorale. Its present character, which has not substantially varied from its original construction, is manifested, either in a rapid and uniform intonation, resembling "the musical pronouncing" spoken of by St. Augustine as in use in the churches of Alexandria; or in the distinct articulation of a part of a sentence upon one note, terminating with few varied and deliberate chords.

The antiquity of the chant is universally admitted, although the author and time of its invention have been controverted. About the middle of the fourth century St. Ambrose introduced chanting into the services at Milan, whence the practice extended itself throughout the western branch of the Christian church. He derived it, as St. Augustine informs us, from the Greek fathers: a testimony confirmed by Eusebius.

It is probable that the style thus traced to the first ages of the church was, in effect, but an adaptation of the mode of chanting the Hebrew ritual in the Temple service; embracing such improvements as the progress of knowledge and acquaintance with the music of Pagan countries might suggest. Thus Calvin admits his conviction, "that, from the beginning, the Christians followed the Jewish use in singing of Psalms, and that in his admonitions to the Ephesians and Colossians, the apostle evidently recommends this duty, which was so much practised by the Jews." The latter, as we have already observed, confined their music almost exclusively to the temple; and many parts of the Old Testament lead to the conclusion that they were not unacquainted with responsive singing. The fact that women assisted in musical divisions, as well as the structure of many psalms and prophetic hymns, favour this opinion. Thus psalm civ. is plainly formed on this model; in which, as Bishop Lowth observes, "the parts are easily distinguished; inasmuch as while one semichorus always speaks of God in the third person, the other addresses him in the second." Psalm cxxxvi. presents another specimen—the burden or closing couplet of which is expressly quoted by Ezra as an antiphon. "And they sang together *by course* in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because he is good; for His mercy endureth for ever towards Israel."

It is difficult to conceive stronger authority for the admission of any of the circumstances of Christian faith than can be produced in support of the neglected chant. And if any determine still to disregard the scriptural account of its celestial use, and explain away passages like the one quoted, by those arts of human reasoning which convert a substance into a shadow, a fact into a figure, a thing real into a nonentity—let them respect the hoar hairs of antiquity, which are in many points to it a crown of glory. We can trace the chant back to within a few centuries of the flood, through all the gradations of religious worship under the present and former dispensation, whether Christian or Jewish, church, temple, or tabernacle; we ask, therefore, some slight caution before an unlimited condemnation. "For," as Hooker observes, "whosoever were the author, whatsoever the time, or whensoever the example of beginning this custom in the church of Christ, sith we are wont to suspect things only before trial, and afterward either to approve them as good, or if we find them evil accordingly to judge of them; their counsel must needs seem very unseasonable, who advise men now to suspect that wherewith the world hath had, by their own account, twelve hundred years' acquaintance and upwards, enough to take away suspicion and jealousy. Men know by this time, if ever they will know, whether it be good or evil which hath been so long retained."

The progress of chanting is so nearly connected with the general history of church music, that few observations need be added to bring it down to our own time. Before the invention of counterpoint and the consequent introduction of more varied and intricate harmonies, ecclesiastical music consisted almost exclusively of the chant. The newly-imported melody of St. Ambrose was a chant—the "Canto Fermo" of Gregory was a chant; and it was not till the

adoption of elaborate harmonies that it yielded precedence to the fuller chorale or bolder anthem. Indeed, as we have already seen, it was long after the invention of counterpoint that music ventured to step beyond the grave and solemn descant which custom had familiarised and antiquity rendered venerable. So long, however, as it was left mainly to the management of the priests and immediate officers of the church, it retained its hold upon the ecclesiastical services.

By a comparison of the specimens of the alternate chant which abound in our liturgy with the choral practices of the Jews and early Christians, the mind is struck with the coincidences existing between them—all demonstrative of the high regard paid to antiquity, and the care with which its monuments have been preserved. The cathedral chanting of the church of England possesses almost every characteristic of the Jewish music, and varies only in its enriching the meagre simplicity of the ancient mode, from the abounding stores of modern harmonies. It may not be uninteresting to enumerate a few instances of general resemblance.

1. In the temple service there were two precentors, one for each band of singers, who were appointed to commence and direct the others.
2. They seem to have had not only singing-men but singing-boys.
3. "The singers were generally Levites and stood in the desks while they sang; and the singing-boys (as Bedford supposes) stood directly under them.
4. The singers and boys were divided into two bands, standing opposite each other. Their places were determined by lot—"ward against ward, as well the small as the great, the teacher as the scholar."
5. They answered one another; "and therefore," as Bedford says, "it is very probable that one side sung one verse of a psalm, and the other side sung the other."
6. It may be added, that the singers divided each psalm into three parts, making long pauses, during which the trumpets sounded and the people worshipped; to which the symphonies and other instrumental movements in our anthems may bear some analogy.

REMARKS ON MUSIC.

BY SIR W. JONES.

MUSIC, as a science, belongs to an interesting part of natural philosophy which, by mathematical deductions from constant phenomena, explains the causes and properties of sound, limits the number of mixed or harmonic sounds to a certain series which perpetually recurs and fixes the ratio which they bear to each other or to one leading term; but considered as an art, it combines the sounds, which philosophy distinguishes, in such a manner as to gratify our ears, or affect our imagination; or, by uniting both objects, to captivate the fancy while it pleases the sense, and speaking, as it were, the language of beautiful nature, to raise correspondent ideas and emotions in the mind of the hearer: it then, and then only, becomes what is called a fine art, allied very nearly to verse, painting, and rhetoric, but subordinate in its functions to pathetic poetry, and superior in its powers to eloquence.

Hence, it is the province of the philosopher to discover the true direction and divergence of sound, propagated by the successive compressions and expansions of air, as the vibrating body advances or recedes; to show why sounds themselves may excite a tremulous motion in particular bodies, as in the known experiment of instruments tuned in unison; to demonstrate the law by which the particles of air when it undulates with great quickness, are continually accelerated and retarded; to compare the numbers of pulses in agitated air with that of the vibrations which cause them; to compute the velocities and intervals of those pulses in atmospheres of different density and elasticity; to account, as well as he can, for the affections which music produces; and, generally, to investigate the causes of the many wonderful appearances which it exhibits: but the artist, without considering, and without even knowing any of the sublime theorems in the philosophy of sound, may attain his end by a happy selection of

melodies and accents adapted to impassioned verse, and of times conformable to regular metre ; and, above all, by modulation, or the choice and variation of the modes, as they are called.

Although we must assign the first rank, transcendently and beyond all comparison, to that powerful music which may be denominated the sister of poetry and eloquence, yet the lower art of pleasing the sense by a succession of agreeable sounds not only has merit, and even charms, but may, I persuade myself, be applied on a variety of occasions to salutary purposes ; whether, indeed, the sensation of hearing be caused, as many suppose, by the vibration of an elastic ether, flowing over the auditory nerves and propelled along their solid ramifications, or whether the fibres of our nerves, which seem indefinitely visible, have, like the strings of a lute, peculiar vibrations proportioned to their length and degree of tension, we have not sufficient evidence to decide ; but we are sure that the whole nervous system is affected in a singular manner by combinations of sound, and that melody alone will often relieve the mind when oppressed by intense application to business or study.

The astonishing effects ascribed to music by the Greeks of old, and, in our days, by the Chinese, Persians, and Indians, have probably been exaggerated and embellished ; nor, if such effects had been really produced, could they be imputed, I think, to the mere influence of sounds, however combined or modified ; it may, therefore, be suspected that such wonders were performed by music in its largest sense, as it is now described by the Hindus, that is, by the union of *voices, instruments, and action*, for such is the complex idea conveyed by their term *Sangéta*. Now it may easily be conceived, that such an alliance with the potent auxiliaries of distinct articulation, graceful gesture, and well-adapted scenery, must have a strong effect, and may, from peculiar associations, operate so forcibly on very sensitive minds, as to excite tears, make the heart palpitate with violence, or even compel the hearer to start from his seat with the look, speech, and actions of a man in a frenzy. In this way only can we attempt to account for the indubitable effects of the grand airs and impassioned recitative in the Italian drama, where three beautiful arts, like the graces united in a dance, are exhibited together in a state of excellence which the ancient world could not have surpassed, and probably could not have equalled : an heroic opera of Metastasio, set by Pergolesi, or by some artist of his incomparable school, and represented at Naples, at once displays the perfection of human genius, awakens all the affections, and captivates the imagination at the same instant through all the senses.

When such aids as a perfect theatre would afford are not accessible, the power of music must, in proportion, be less ; but it will ever be very considerable, if the words of the song be fine in themselves, and not only well translated into the language of melody, with a complete union of musical and rhetorical accents, but clearly pronounced by an accomplished singer, who feels what he sings, and fully understood by a hearer who has passions to be moved ; especially if the composer has availed himself in his translation (for such may his composition very justly be called) of all those advantages with which nature, ever sedulous to promote our innocent gratifications, abundantly supplies him. The first of those natural advantages in the variety of modes or manners in which the seven harmonic sounds are perceived to move in succession, as each of them takes the lead, and, consequently, bears a near relation to the six others. Next to the phenomenon of seven sounds perpetually circulating in a geometrical progression, according to the length of the strings or the number of their vibrations, every ear must be sensible that two of the seven intervals in the complete series, or octave, whether we consider it as placed in a circular form, or in a right line with the first sound repeated, are much shorter than the five other intervals. The longer intervals we call *tones*, and the shorter *semitones*, and it is evident that, as the places of the semitones admit seven variations relative to our fundamental sound, there are as many modes which may be called *primary* ; but we must not confound them with our modern modes, which result from the system of chords now established in Europe ; they must rather be compared with those of the Roman church, in which some valuable remnants of old Grecian music are preserved in the sweet, majestic, simple, and affecting strains of the plain

song. Now, since each of the tones may be divided, we find twelve semitones in the whole series; and, since each semitone may, in its turn, become the leader of a series formed after the model of every primary mode, we have, in all, twenty-four modes.

Why any one series of sounds, the ratios of which are ascertained by observation and expressible by figures, should have a peculiar effect on the organ of hearing, and, by the auditory nerves, on the mind, will then only be known by mortals, when they shall know why each of the seven colours in the rainbow—where a proportion, analogous to that of musical sounds, most wonderfully prevails—has a certain specific effect upon our eyes; why the shades of green and blue, for instance, are soft and soothing, while those of red and yellow distress and dazzle the sight: but, without attempting to account for the phenomena, let us be satisfied with knowing that some of the modes have distinct perceptible properties, and may be applied to the expression of various mental emotions; a fact which ought well to be considered by those performers who would reduce them all to a dull uniformity, and sacrifice the true beauty of their art to an injudicious temperament.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—If the following remarks and musical gossip, the result of a small but interesting tour, can amuse your readers, my object will be fully attained:—

Having lately been "up the Rhine," I made a visit to Darmstadt, and saw much of the celebrated author of the organ-schule and choral-freund, Rinck, whose biography appeared in your excellent and valuable journal. I was welcomed as an old friend, for he said "every musician was his brother." But as he had had some of my little efforts in composition from my relatives there, I could not but feel grateful for the more than ordinary warmth he displayed; had this not been the cause, I had another—I brought with me the homage of one genius to another! The fine canons, glee, and motetts of Horsley's were a treat to him, and placing his hand upon his heart, he expressed his thanks, and begged they might be conveyed to the gifted author, who had written and thus presented him with compositions so congenial to his soul. Rinck is a fine, venerable old man, of threescore and eleven; his figure is imposing; he has an erect carriage; his features are highly intellectual and expressive, and ever accompanied with a smile so bland and happy, that at once finds its way to the heart. In simplicity of heart he is a child; and yet his eyes are dark and piercing, and lit up with a vivacity that would be brilliant even in younger orbs. He brought before me his canons, chorals, fugues, requiems, masses, and his works for the organ, which have created for him, so long as the organ exists, a deathless fame. He is engaged upon his great work on Composition, which when completed, he said, he could leave this world without regret, in the full assurance that he had done his duty. Seating himself at the pianoforte (which was remarkable for its perfect tuning and colour of keys being like that of the old organs), he struck a single note and said it was like a very little child; God had given it legs and arms (adding at the same time the 3rd and 5th); it had by and by the power of motion—it became enlarged, and at last it possessed mind, which, by cultivation, became at last the perfect man, with all the attributes of intellectual strength and physical power! With this and other imagery he played chord after chord, from the most simple to the most extraneous; introduced fine imitative and fugue points, with sequences so rich and Bach-like, that, though played with hands sadly bereft of their power by his great age, they seemed to convey his ideas in a manner so clear and forcible, that I could not but wish every lover of harmony and the organ present. To both I earnestly recommend the work when it is completed, which for appropriate examples in every style of composition, in detail of the mode and plan of sound composition, will be unique. To the young musician it will be a blessing; to the old, a boon. His daughter brought to us the splendid cup or vase lately presented to him by the choral societies of Darmstadt and the neighbourhood. It is of beautiful design and workmanship; the branch of laurel thrown across the book on which is inscribed the words "choral-freund," betrays the sentiment of the heart; a feeling never conceitedly or affectedly withheld in Germany. My last evening in Darmstadt was spent with Rinck and his family. His son was with us, a few pupils, and a few friends. He is said to be a powerful and effective preacher. He has a fine sonorous bass voice, and sang with great expression a fine song by the elder André. We mustered

our forces and sang a portion of a fine mass, the veteran composer accompanying us, and had a delightful evening. "The feast of reason and the flow of soul" were surely there. Tea, an army of German cakes, and the light, pure wines of the Rhine, filled up the measure of our joys. We parted with mutual regret. The honest enthusiasm of the heart had broken through the reserve attributed to my country. We had seen much of each other, at home and abroad. In the public gardens had we joined the crowd—in the mountain passes of Frankenstein and Melibocas—and in his own room, hung round with portraits of a hundred composers, had we communed. Saluting me on both cheeks, his cap raised, and a tear in his eye, he bade me farewell. His last words, "Mit Got, Mit Got," still dwells on my ear. It is his accustomed vale, and underneath his portrait are they written. I was much affected. We may never meet again in this world, but his kindness, his form, his smile, and his friendship, will live for ever in my remembrance.

The opera being closed, I did not hear it; all said it was no great loss so far as regards the vocalists, but the orchestra was much praised for its accuracy and precision. It is under the direction of Her. Mangold, a young man of great promise, whose compositions display considerable claim to originality. The opera-house is a superb edifice. The interior is beautiful; the boxes for the grand duke and court, and the reception rooms, are magnificent. The orchestra has ample space, and displays at once the good taste and sound judgment of the late duke, who very often conducted, and under whose direction the opera at Darmstadt became celebrated throughout Europe. There is much good music in private society. I heard at several musical parties the songs of Schubert, André, Lachner, and Weber; also the fine sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, excellently well sang and played. I visited Mme. de Wagner, pianiste to the court; she resides in the palace and is instructress to the Princess Marie, the betrothed of H.R.H. the hereditary Grand Duke of Russia. Mme. de Wagner has a fine, clear, and expressive touch; her finger is elastic, but the rapidity and extravagance of the modern school she does not aspire to, though she very obligingly played for me the fine "shake exercise" by Dohler. Mme. Schmidt I did not hear play though we often met; the pupils of these ladies I often heard, among whom was the young Princess Witchenstein; they were distinguished not only for great accuracy, but also for the excellent compositions they played. M. Rinck's organ I did not hear or touch: the ruins of Heidelberg Castle, the beautiful Berg-Strasse, and the opportunity of joining a party of friends all combined to attract, and I went. It is the finest thing I have seen in Germany, but I was punished for my heresy; it rained during our whole visit. I tried the organ in the Catholic church at Darmstadt and found it a very good one, but I might as well have played in a bell: the church is one vast rotunda with five columns in the interior, and has a most striking appearance, but it is so beautifully contrived that no two consecutive words or notes can be heard distinctly from either priest or organ; the very walls form a whispering gallery, and so much so that the confessionalists were obliged to be placed out of their usual positions lest the auriculars of more than the confessor should be enlightened.

I must conclude. If this brief outline of the "mental undress" of a great and good man excites sympathy in his welfare, assuredly it will in the breast of many an organist who has benefited by the organ-schule and chorals of Rinck, how much will the heart shrink from the man who could wrong him? And yet it has been reserved for a pupil to do this, and that pupil an Englishman! who, not content with receiving invaluable instruction on terms that a fifth or sixth rate professor here would blush to receive, got from him a series of our finest psalms, harmonized, and with appropriate preludes, brought them to England—sold them to a publisher, who modestly prints them as copyright, and thus the author is audaciously robbed! for he has no copyright in his native land if first published here. I would it were otherwise; I fear there is no doubt of its accuracy; I was shown the original manuscript, as well as of another series with shorter preludes. These were as modestly asked for, but very properly refused; reparation is still due, and still within reach, and at a very trifling cost. M. Rinck enjoys an honourable independence from the court and by the produce of his compositions. It will rejoice every true friend of the organ to hear that the hint I throw out is attended to, and by none more eagerly than, Sir, your obliged servant,

London, August 2nd, 1840.

W. ASPULL.

P.S. Rinck will be seventy-one years of age this day, and his jubilee of fifty years' duty will be celebrated publicly by the performance of a new grand mass, complimentary odes, choruses, &c.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—It was with considerable satisfaction I perused the article on "Musical Execution" in your work, for the monstrous rapidity with which some of the finest works of

the great composers are now performed, or rather attempted to be performed, has nearly, as regards their impression on the public, annihilated their effect, instead of improving it.

Now what is meant by a piece of music's being made effective? Why, that it is so rendered as to enable the *listener* to understand and feel the music, and thence to derive pleasure; but how is it possible all this can take place if the music is performed so quickly that he can only follow it by a laborious attention, which produces pain and disgust, instead of pleasure? No one, I think, will deny that this too often happens during the racing which so frequently takes place amongst the performers in the orchestras of the present day.

I have said above, "attempted to be performed," for it is an acknowledged fact, that, in the florid passages for the violins, a considerable number of the notes are sometimes missed by many of the performers; and when a complaint is made, that this greatly injures the effect, the justification offered is, that rapidity gives spirit, and that if *some* of the performers miss any notes, the *others* play them. To remark on an answer so absurd is almost unnecessary, as it must be evident that such a defective performance of any passage will diminish the intensity of the most important instrument of the orchestra; render it difficult for the performer to place the emphasis properly, thereby causing the articulation to be indistinct, and consequently producing confusion in the place of spirit. For intensity, emphasis and distinct articulation, are the very elements of spirit in music as in declamation; and these never can be obtained when there is this absolute scramble amongst the performers.

Again, if every passage were perfectly articulated by every instrument, even then much would be lost to the auditor by this extravagant rapidity of execution, because, as the velocity of the movement increases, the power of producing the notes with intensity diminishes; and thus is destroyed the balance of force amongst the instruments. This I take to be the reason why, in the forte passages, the violins are usually lost to a greater part of the audience, when they have a volley of ascending or descending notes, whilst the wind instruments have holding notes to perform. It is true that a few persons very near the violins, as well as the performers who have the instrument close to the ear, and the notes under the eye, may hear and understand these passages; but to most of the listeners they appear an unmeaning mass of sounds.

In addition to the just complaints of your correspondent respecting the melodies, the total loss of some of the finest harmonies may be mentioned, because the construction of the parts that produce them will not allow of their following each other so closely, as they now do constantly, by this vain execution; and be the listener ever so attentive, and his ear ever so practised, he finds all his efforts to seize them fail, till at last they become as fatiguing and painful to the ear, as the flickering light is to the eye. To be satisfied of this, let any one observe the effect of the very best orchestras when they perform the overtures to *Don Juan*, *The Magic Flute*, and *Anacreon*; works that were formerly received with tumultuous applause, but now fall flat on the public ear, not because the taste is changed (for in private, when performed by able amateurs, they are as much admired as ever they were), but because the present orchestras are like men in a passion, who talk so fast that they only make an unintelligible noise.

London, Aug. 18, 1840.

J. W.

REVIEW.

Introduction and fugue on "Adeste fideles," for the pianoforte, by M. Maybrick.

This is truly as absurd a publication as we have lately seen. The introduction is a piece of vulgar pomposity in which we are formally warned of the nature of the subject chosen by the composer whereon to exhibit his fugacious propensities. Of the "fugue" itself, we know not what to say, except that it is just one of those pieces of imitative rhodomontade with which country organists sometimes regale their hearers, being, meanwhile, self-persuaded that they extemporaneously emulate the doings of old Bach. The first four bars of "Adeste fideles" form the subject, and this driest and most obvious of themes is hacked about from tonic to dominant and from dominant to tonic without any other modulation to the end of the first page. At this interesting crisis a second subject appears, in all respects as stale and inapplicable as the first, issue is forthwith joined between both, and away they go again in the old see-saw betwixt tonic and dominant until the latter part of the second page, where a kind of *coda* very opportunely steps in and settles the business. The "fugue" has this one recommendation—it is all about its subject and nothing else; we never encounter a perfect close without the entrance of the theme, but we also never encounter

canon, inversion, augmentation, modulation, episode, sequence, or any other peculiar feature by which the fugues of great writers recommend themselves to the ears and intellects of the musician.

Trois Grandes Valses brillantes, pour le pianoforte, par Frederic Chopin.

The second of these waltzes is now before us. It is a production very moderate both as to merit and difficulty;—it opens in A minor with what may be called a violoncello solo on the pianoforte, and proceeds without discovering anything especially worthy of notice until we arrive at the first sixteen bars in A major, wherein, at the top of the fifth page, we find a passage of singular ugliness, and which is subsequently aggravated by repetition in the minor mode. After a kind of trio in A major, the original subject recurs, and the waltz terminates.

Great names often sanctify very questionable doings, and we take this to be a case in point. M. Chopin's waltz is very well in its way, but were any English writer of one half the reputation of M. Chopin to publish any affair of the like kind, it would unquestionably have at least twice the amount of merit to recommend it.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE concluded a most successful season on Saturday night. The opera selected for the occasion was Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; the part of Rosina was sustained by Grisi, and the *Count, Figaro*, and *Dr. Bartolo* by Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. Any criticism on performances so well known and so justly admired would be superfluous. At the termination of the opera they were all called for, and loud and long-continued was the applause bestowed upon them. Persiani gave the concluding scena from *La Sonnambula*; never was she in better voice—never was the scena more splendidly executed. It was in this character the fair vocalist made her *début* in England; and by her talented performance of it at once established her reputation as a first-rate *artiste*. The reception she met with on Saturday night fully proved the delight she had afforded her auditors, and the wreaths and bouquets which were profusely flung upon the stage testified the regret they felt at her departure. *Le Lac des Fées* was the ballet, in which Cerito, the graceful, bounding sylph, took her farewell of her numerous admirers—we say numerous, for never did any *danses* make a greater impression. Between the scena and the ballet “God save the Queen” was excellently sung by the whole of the company. The house was crowded to excess. We would suggest that some plan be adopted by the management next season to prevent the influx of the number of unwashed and be-whiskered individuals in morning dress who have lately infested the pit of the Italian Opera-house. Frock coats and *striped* shirts are not fit costume to appear in an evening before ladies, and frequently in the presence of royalty.

MME. PERSIANI AND SIGNOR RUBINI had a concert on Tuesday morning at the Green Man Assembly Room, Blackheath. The vocalists were Mme. Persiani and Rubini, Mdlle. Ostergaard, Signor and Mme. F. Lablache, Mario, Coletti, and Musatti, and among the instrumentalists we noticed the veteran Dragonetti, Lindley, Barrett, and Baumann. The programme did not present any novelty, but consisted of the accepted favourites of the metropolitan concert-rooms. We were sorry to perceive that Rubini was labouring under the effects of a cold; but he nevertheless was loudly applauded. The Corelli duo was excellently played by Dragonetti and Lindley. The room was not very well filled, owing, no doubt, to the short notice which had been given.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of *To Marry or not to Marry*, produced at Covent-garden in the early part of the present century, has been revived at this theatre in a manner which reflects great credit on the good taste and management of Mr. Webster. The cast was a very powerful one, including Macready, Wrench, Strickland, Phelps, Mrs. Glover, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Charles. In the second act, Macready read a portion of one of Wordsworth's poems; it is not, of course, in the original version of the play, but *Sir*

Oswin having to read a passage, it would seem that he introduced it from its applicability to the scene, and he deserves high praise for the judgment he displayed in its selection. Altogether, Mr. Macready plays the part of *Sir Oswin* beautifully; his conception of the character was perfect, and his touches of feeling were excellent. Miss P. Horton as *Hester* (the heroine), played with a *naïvete* we hardly thought her capable of expressing. This young lady appears to have been well tutored; and she has profited by instruction. Wrench, as *Willowcar*, was lively, but rather too flippant. Mrs. Glover enacted *Mrs. Sarah Mortland* with her wonted cleverness; we believe this lady played *Lady Susan Courtley* on the first representation of the comedy; on the present occasion Miss Charles sustained the character—it is a trifling part, and Miss Charles's performance did not tend to elevate it in the minds of the audience. Strickland was very effective as *Lord Danberry*. We cannot say much for Phelps as *Lavenforth*.

Since our last, Mr. Rees has appeared as *Billy Lackaday* in *Sweethearts and Wives*, and *Delf* in *Family Jars*, and fully confirmed the favourable impression he had previously made. On Tuesday evening he appeared for the first time as *Paul Pry*; but Mr. Rees, like every other actor who has undertaken the part since Liston, laboured under a great disadvantage, for Liston so completely identified himself with the character, that it is almost impossible to strike out a new line. Mr. Rees, however, made the performance entirely his own, and, to judge by the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him, afforded much amusement to the audience. Miss P. Horton as *Phæbe*, played charmingly, and sang "Cherry ripe" in a manner that elicited an unanimous encore. The house has been crowded nightly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MENDELSSOHN.—The *Birmingham Gazette* says—"We have authority for stating that Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy will soon visit this country to prepare for the performance of a grand piece of music, of his own composition, at our Musical Festival in September, which he will attend in person and conduct; it is called in Germany 'Lob gesang,' or 'Hymn of Praise,' having been performed with great effect in June last before an immense meeting of the principal musical amateurs of the north of Germany assembled at Leipsic. The composition opens with an instrumental symphony of three movements, which leads to a grand chorus, and is succeeded by twelve other vocal pieces, solos and choruses. A rehearsal of this music will take place in the metropolis when this deservedly eminent composer arrives, nearly the whole of the band being London performers. It will, we are sure, be extremely gratifying to all who are musical to know that Mendelssohn will give, at our Meeting, a Concerto on the Grand Pianoforte, and will exercise the powers with which he is so highly-gifted on our noble organ."

CHARLES KEAN, declining the engagement offered him by Mme. Vestris, has left town on a provincial tour.

ENGLISH VOCALISTS ABROAD.—Miss Adelaide Kemble is singing at La Scala as *prima donna*; Miss Novello is concert-singing in Germany, where Mme. Albertazzi is also making a favourable impression; and Mrs. Bishop is everywhere gaining laurels and something better in the north of Europe.

MALIBRAN'S DIAMONDS AND JEWELLERY were sold at Brussels on Monday last. The sale was attended by a large concourse of persons, and the articles generally fetched high prices. One pair of earrings were sold for 156*l.*; her repeater-watch, set in brilliants, however, only fetched 32*l.*: nearly all the best lots were purchased by a party of English ladies and gentlemen who were present.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has returned from America, and is engaged for five nights at the Haymarket Theatre.

THE GERMAN COMPANY lately performing at the St. James's Theatre arrived at Mainz on the 30th ult., and were enthusiastically received by the inhabitants.

Mr. CHARLES DANVERS HACKETT has been recently appointed the organist of Rotherham Church after a contest with four competitors before Mr. J. Harris, the talented organist of the Collegiate Church, Winchester, who acted as umpire on the occasion.

MME. PERSIANI, SIGNORI RUBINI, NEGRI, AND PUZZI left London yesterday on a professional tour. They are engaged to sing at concerts at Brighton, Tonbridge Wells, Exeter, Clifton, Bath, Plymouth, and several cities in the north of England. Persiani and Rubini will leave England on the 23rd of Sept. in order to be present at the opening of the Italian Opera in Paris on the 1st of October.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Beethoven.—Overture to 'Egmont'	Ewer.
ditto to 'Fidelio'	Ditto.
ditto to 'Coriolanus'	Ditto.
ditto to 'Leonoë': 1805	Ditto.
ditto to ditto 1806	Ditto.
ditto to 'Men of Prometheus'	Ditto.
Mendelssohn.—'The Temperaments'; seven characteristic pieces	Wessel.
Pinchy, A.—Hunter's rondino from 'Der Nachtlager in Granada'	Ditto.
Labitzky.—'Wreath of roses' waltzes	Ditto.
Lemoine.—'Les fleurettes de St. Denis'; seven morceaux pour les demoiselles	Ditto.
Jullien.—Quadrille militaire	Ditto.
Liszt.—Reminiscences des Puritains	Mills.
Diabelli.—Two Spanish dances	Ditto.
Waits, W.—Airs in 'Euryanthe,' arranged as duets	Ditto.
Diabelli.—Four fantasias from 'Il Giamento'	Chappell.

HARP.

Chaterton, J. B.—Divertimento on two airs by Prince Albert	Chappell.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Mozart.—Mass in C minor; score	Ewer.
Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Third grand quartet, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello, 2nd edition, revised and augmented by the author	Wessel.
Devaux.—Standard operas, no. 20, 'Zuberlotti'	Cramer.

VOCAL.

Nicolai, O.—Quando pia che il; romanza from 'Il Templario'	Cramer.
— Ah no la man che lieue; ditto ditto Ditto.	
— Ebbeu piagente e supplice; duetto ditto	Ditto.
— Deh non fuggir me; duetto and terzetto from ditto	Ditto.
Orsini.—Il congedo; romanza	Ditto.
Donizetti.—Ah fu un sogno; aria	Mills.
— Provi mi dai; ditto	Ditto.
— Ah! se rea; ditto	Ditto.
Lover, S.—Dear love, and native land farewell	Chappell.
— the Pearl-diver	Ditto.

NEW MUSIC.—R. COCKS and Co.'s Encyclopedia of Melody, 550 beautiful airs, arranged by W. Forde for the flute, cornopean, violin, clarinet, bugle, or oboe, 24 numbers, each 6d., in one volume, cloth boards, 12s.; 100 new Quadrilles, by Musard and others, 4s.; 200 Songs, &c. for the cornopean, by Handley, 6s.; 100 Airs for the flute, by Forde, 4s.; for the violin, by Muller, 100 Waltzes, 4s.; 100 Quadrilles, 4s.; 100 Airs for the violin, 4s.; 100 Sacred ditto, 4s.; 102 Waltzes, by Strauss and Lanner, 4s.; 200 Irish Airs for the flute, by Clinton, 3s.

NEW VALSES & QUADRILLES. Messrs. Cocks and Co. have been chosen by Messrs. Strauss, Santos, Lanner, Labitzky, Musard and Santos, sole publishers of all their new works for orchestra, military band, piano solo or duets, flute and piano, ditto violin and piano, violin solos, ditto flute solos.

To be had of all Musicsellers and Booksellers, namely—eleventh edition of Hamilton's Dictionary of 2,000 Musical Terms, 1s.; seventh ditto of his Catechism of Harmony and Thorough Bass, 2s.; key to ditto, 1s. 6d.; his Catechism on Singing, 3d edition, 3s.; ditto for violin and violoncello, each 1s.; third edition of his celebrated Tutor for the Piano, with 31 airs and preludes fingered and arranged by Czerny, 4s. London, printed only by Messrs. Cocks, music-sellers in ordinary to her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, 20, Princes street, Hanover-square.

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